

# An Enumeration of Cadavers

Aborted

I can't control my animosity - Undeniable misanthropy  
This unstoppable rage inside of me

Once torn from the womb  
My tribulation commenced  
With the swing of the hammer  
I will bring your existence to an end

Hatred everlasting - Murder is salvation  
Turmoil of the wicked - Murder is salvation

I can't control my virtuosity - It comes easy to me  
This unstoppable hatred within me

Once torn from the womb - My tribulation commenced  
With the swing of the hammer - I'm bringing your end

Morbid human collage, a true display of art  
Craving everlasting. To suture the dead  
With grisly precision I model my creations  
This sordid abattoir, a catwalk of cadavers  
Craving everlasting, a true display of art

As I model my morbid creations  
I see the beauty of murder  
"you are nothing to me, an enumeration of cadavers  
a lampshade at most, a cup to fill my dose  
I can't wait for you to decompose"

Woe become of you if you will

Stand in my way of debauchery  
As you stand perplex, at my crafty finesse  
Admire the display of this rotting mess

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